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36TH CONGRESS,  
1st Session.

SENATE.

{ Ex. Doc.

*U.S. Engineering Dept.*

## REPORT

UPON THE

# COLORADO RIVER OF THE WEST,

EXPLORED IN 1871 AND 1882 BY  
LIEUTENANT JOSEPH C. IVES,  
CORPS OF TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE OFFICE OF EXPLORATIONS AND SURVEYS,

A. A. HUMPHREYS, CAPTAIN TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEERS, IN CHARGE.

BY ORDER OF THE  
SECRETARY OF WAR.

WASHINGTON:  
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1881.

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deal of pantomime brought about this understanding, and then he signified that we must leave the trail and follow him, which we accordingly did, diverging a little to the left from our former course. It was the first time we had had a guide since the departure of Ireteba, and it was pleasant to be able once more to shift the responsibility of conducting the train to a third party.

Our now friend had a pleasant, intelligent face which expressed, however, misgivings as to our character and object in coming into that unvisited region. He rode along humming to himself, with a palpable affectation of being cool and unconcerned, occasionally glancing back with a dubious air to see what was going on behind. The two who had been selected to bear the brunt of the first interview had, I suppose, brought the horses as a means of escape, for soon others of the tribe, satisfied of our pacific intentions, came up on foot. All were running at the top of their speed. They approached to the very sides of the mules, greatly to the alarm of those animals, and suddenly brought up to shake hands, commencing with me, and continuing through the train. They were clean and nice looking; no particular costume prevailed. Every available article acquired by trading with other Indians—for they have no communication with whites—had been converted into raiment or material for personal adornment. Their figures were of medium size and indifferently proportioned, their features strongly marked and homely, with an expression generally bright and good-natured. Thirty or forty joined us, and the cortege in a little while became of considerable length.

The face of the bluff, upon the summit of which the town was perched, was cut up and irregular. We were led through a passage that wound among some low hillocks of sand and rock that extended half-way to the top. Large flocks of sheep were passed; all but one or two were jet black, presenting, when together, a singular appearance. It did not seem possible, while ascending through the sand-hills, that a spring could be found in such a dry looking place. But presently a crowd was seen collected upon a mound before a small plateau, in the centre of which was a circular reservoir, fifty feet in diameter, lined with masonry, and filled with pure cold water. The basin was fed from a pipe connecting with some source of supply upon the summit of the mesa. The Moquis looked amiably on while the mules were quenching their thirst, and then my guide informed me that he would conduct us to a grazing camp. Continuing to ascend we came to another reservoir, smaller but of more elaborate construction and finish. From this, the guide said, they got their drinking water, the other reservoir being intended for animals. Between the two the face of the bluff had been ingeniously converted into terraces. These were faced with neat masonry, and contained gardens, each surrounded with a raised edge so as to retain water upon the surface. Pipes from the reservoirs permitted them at any time to be irrigated.

Peach trees were growing upon the terraces and in the hollows below. A long flight of stone steps, with sharp turns that could easily be defended, was built into the face of the precipice, and led from the upper reservoir to the foot of the town. The scene, rendered animated by the throngs of Indians in their gaily-colored dresses, was one of the most remarkable I had ever witnessed. My state of admiration was interrupted by the guide, who told me, to my astonishment, that we had reached the camp-ground. Besides the danger of the mules trampling upon and ruining the gardens, it was no place to stop, inasmuch as there was not a blade of grass. I called the attention of the Indian to the latter fact, which he did not appear to have considered. While he was reflecting upon the matter, we were joined by a pleasant looking middle-aged man, with a handsome shell suspended to his neck, and a kind of baton in his hand, whom I supposed to be a chief. Like the rest, he shook hands all around, and held a consultation with the guide and with the crowd generally about the grass. They finally concluded that there was plenty a little further ahead, and we proceeded around the ascent by a side trail that led away from the pueblo. In ten minutes a spot was reached which all agreed was the best grazing camp the country afforded. I no longer wondered that their one horse looked so thin. A single animal could scarcely have existed for three days upon all the grass in the neighbor-

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SAN FRANCISCO FOREST TO MOQUIS — LOCATION OF PUEBLOS.

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hood. Some distance back in the valley I had seen a small patch of grass, and now signified to the troubled looking Indians that I would send the train back, and let the mules be driven to the reservoir when they needed water. I also told them that Dr. Newberry, Mr. Egloffstein, and myself would visit their houses before following the rest of the party to the camp. This arrangement seemed satisfactory, and the chief, accompanied by several friends, led the way with an inconvenient alacrity, considering the steepness of the ascent. The stone steps being surmounted, we came upon a level summit, and had the walls of the pueblo upon one side and an extensive and beautiful view upon the other. Without giving us time to admire the scene, the Indians led us to a ladder planted against the centre of the front face of the pueblo. The town is nearly square, and surrounded by a stone wall fifteen feet high, the top of which forms a landing extending around the whole. Flights of stone steps led from the first to a second landing, upon which the doors of the houses open. Mounting the stairway opposite to the ladder, the chief crossed to the nearest door and ushered us into a low apartment from which two or three others opened towards the interior of the dwelling. Our host courteously asked us to be seated upon some skins spread along the floor against the wall, and presently his wife brought in a vase of water and a tray filled with a singular substance that looked more like sheets of thin blue wrapping paper rolled up into bundles than anything else that I had ever seen. I learned afterwards that it was made from corn meal, ground very fine, made into a gruel, and poured over a heated stone to be baked. When dry it has a surface slightly polished, like paper. The sheets are folded and rolled together, and form the staple article of food with the Moquis Indians.

As the dish was intended for our entertainment, and looked clean, we all partook of it. It had a delicate fresh-bread flavor, and was not at all unpalatable, particularly when eaten with salt. After we had eaten and drunk, Mr. Egloffstein took a pipe from his pocket, which was filled and passed around. I noticed, then and afterwards, that the Moquis, when commencing to smoke, bow with solemnity towards each point of the compass. While they were engaged with the pipe we had a chance to examine the contents of the apartment. The room was fifteen feet by ten; the walls were made of adobe; the partitions of substantial beams; the floor laid with clay. In one corner were a fireplace and chimney. Everything was clean and tidy. Skins, bows and arrows, quivers, antlers, blankets, articles of clothing and ornament, were hanging from the walls or arranged upon shelves. Vases, flat dishes, and gourds filled with meal or water were standing along one side of the room. At the other end was a trough divided into compartments, in each of which was a sloping stone slab two or three feet square for grinding corn upon. In a recess of an inner room was piled a goodly store of corn in the ear. I noticed, among other things, a reed musical instrument with a bell-shaped end like a clarinet, and a pair of painted drumsticks tipped with gaudy feathers. Another inner room appeared to be a sleeping apartment, but this being occupied by females we did not enter, though the Indians seemed to be pleased rather than otherwise at the curiosity evinced during the close inspection of their dwelling and furniture.

While Mr. Egloffstein was making a sketch of the place and its owners, I had a talk with the latter. Spreading out a map of the country we had been exploring, I pointed out our route and the places with which I supposed they were familiar. They seemed to comprehend, and the chief designated upon the map the positions of the six Moquis pueblos. I told him that we wished to go further to the north, and he signified that four days' travel in that direction would bring us to a large river. Whether there were watering places between it was difficult from his signs to determine. I then asked for a guide, promising a mule to any one that would accompany me, whereupon he said that he would be ready to go himself early the next morning. A bargain was likewise made for some sheep, which they agreed to send to camp, receiving a blanket in exchange for each animal.

Then we went out upon the landing, and by another flight of steps ascended to the roof, where

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we beheld a magnificent panorama. The San Francisco mountain, the valley and cañon of Flax river, and the plateaus to the north and east were all visible, the most distant objects appearing distinct and well defined through the transparent atmosphere. Several trails radiated from the foot of the bluff in perfectly straight lines, and could be traced a long way over the level surface. One conducted to the cañon of Flax river and doubtless to the Yampai village; another, the chief told us, was the trail of the Apaches; another, that of the Coyoteros; a fourth came from Zuñi, and still further east was the Navajo trail leading to Fort Defiance.

We learned that there were seven towns; that the name of that which we were visiting was Mooshahneh. A second smaller town was half a mile distant; two miles westward was a third, which had been seen from camp the evening before. Five or six miles to the northeast a bluff was pointed out as the location of three others; and we were informed that the last of the seven, Oraybe, was still further distant, on the trail towards the great river.

From these heights, the ascent to which is so difficult and so easily defended, the Moquis can overlook the surrounding country, and descry, at a vast distance, the approach of strangers. The towns themselves would be almost impregnable to an Indian assault. Each pueblo is built around a rectangular court, in which we suppose are the springs that furnish the supply to the reservoirs. The exterior walls, which are of stone, have no openings, and would have to be scaled or battered down before access could be gained to the interior.

The successive stories are set back, one behind the other. The lower rooms are reached through trap-doors from the first landing. The houses are three rooms deep, and open upon the interior court. The arrangement is as strong and compact as could well be devised, but as the court is common, and the landings are separated by no partitions, it involves a certain community of residence. The strength of the position unfortunately does not protect the animals upon the plains below, and our friends informed us, with rueful faces, that the Comanches and Navajoes had driven off a great deal of their stock during the previous year. The Moquis do not look warlike, and but for their natural and artificial defences would doubtless long ago have been exterminated by their powerful and aggressive neighbors.

Curious faces were peering at us from the openings and landings during these observations. Many of the women and girls made their appearance; all but one or two having previously kept out of sight. The hair of the young girls is gathered into large knots, or rather knobs, one at each corner of the forehead, which gives them an odd appearance, but their skins are rather fair and their faces pretty. They are quiet and retiring; were neat in their appearance, and prepossessing in expression and manner. The whole tribe are of a much lighter hue than any Indians met upon our route.

Having made a long visit, we descended to camp, inviting the chief and two of his friends to go with us, which they did, taking us down by a more direct route than that by which we had ascended. The sheep were soon forthcoming, according to agreement, and several brought bags of corn and little packages of dried peaches to trade. Some beautiful and really valuable Navajo blankets were also offered, and readily exchanged for a woollen shirt, or some common article of apparel.

The three who accompanied us down I invited into my tent and regaled with bread and molasses, which they ate greedily. They had scarcely commenced when as many as the tent could hold entered without invitation and joined in the repast.

Like the Zuñi Indians, the Moquis have albinos among them. A woman with a fair light complexion and hair has been in camp this evening. It seemed incredible that she could be of Indian parentage, but the cases are by no means rare in the pueblos of New Mexico.

Satisfied with the conduct of the chief, I gave him a red sash, which excited great admiration. He then departed, promising to be in camp early in the morning, ready to accompany us as guide.

The day has been still and clear, and the heat intense. It is hard to realize that the region about us was covered with snow but forty-eight hours ago, and that we were nearly frozen by the cold wind and pelting sleet.

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## CHAPTER X.

### MOQUIS TO FORT DEFIANCE.—CONCLUSION.

DEPARTURE FROM FIRST TOWN.—MOQUIE VALLEY.—MODE OF AGRICULTURE.—ORAYHE.—INTERPRETER OF CHIEF.—REFUSAL OF MOQUIS TO ACCOMPANY PARTY.—RENEWAL OF JOURNEY.—CHAYSE BARRERS.—VIEW OF COUNTRY NORTHWARD.—ATTEMPT TO CROSS MOQUIE DESERT.—WAST OF WATER.—NECESSITY OF GOING BACK.—COAL BEDS.—TEGUA.—HABITS AND CHARACTER OF MOQUIN.—DIFFERENCE OF LANGUAGE.—PEACH ORCHARD SPRING.—NAVAJOES.—WRITE FOR SHELBO.—NATAJU TERRITORY.—LAKES AND STREAMS.—ARRIVAL AT FORT DEFIANCE.—THEFT AND REPARATION.—TENDONIAN WITH NAVAJO INDIANS.—COMPLETION OF EXPEDITION.—RETURN OF PARTY TO EAST.—TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.—FORT YUMA.—SWANER CAPTURED.—VOYAGE TO NEW YORK.

*Camp 94, Orayhe, May 12.*—This morning the Moquis were in camp exhibiting an insatiable curiosity to see everything that was going on. Our promised guide did not come with the others, and I supposed he was preparing himself for the journey. Corn meal was brought in for trade, and one individual opening his blanket disclosed a dozen fresh eggs, for which he found a ready sale.

The mules had to be driven to the reservoir, and it was late before the train was in readiness to move. The chief still did not appear. I began to fear he was going to disappoint us; and after watching the place of descent from the town for a quarter of an hour, finding that he did not come in sight, determined to wait no longer.

It was difficult to decide which direction to take. I inquired of the Indians for the trail to Orayhe, but they could not or would not understand, and no one would consent to lead the way. Concluding to pursue a northwest course, we started through the sand-hills; following, as nearly as possible, that direction, but had scarcely ridden a hundred yards when the chief appeared over the brow of a hill, running, as the Indians had done on the day before, at full speed. He rushed to the head of the train, shook hands, told me that he had to go back to his house, but would soon overtake us by a short cut; ordered a boy near by to guide us meanwhile, and disappeared as rapidly as he had approached.

Under the guidance of the lad we followed a sinuous and difficult road through the hills that form the slope from the bluffs to the plain below. The trail led close to a second town whose inhabitants were gathered on the walls and housetops to gaze at us as we passed.

Two more reservoirs were seen, and several gardens and peach orchards. A few miles of tedious travelling brought us to the edge of the valley. The chief here overtook us, and a mule was furnished to him upon which he mounted and led the way.

The country now traversed was the most promising looking for agricultural purposes of any yet seen. It had nearly all been under cultivation. Immense fields were passed, and our guide stopped constantly to gossip with his neighbors who were busy planting corn.

Their method of doing this was very primitive. With a sharp stick a hole was punched in the ground a foot deep, and the corn dropped in and covered up. No women were engaged in the labor. Unlike other tribes of Indians, the men do the out-of-door work, leaving to the females the care of the households, the spinning, weaving, sewing, &c. At the end of a few miles Orayhe came in sight; it was larger than the other pueblos. Though we had made but a short march, several mules gave out and could not be driven even without their packs. The scanty grass of the three preceding days had taken away the remnant of strength left to them. We had to camp, though the pasturage was neither good nor abundant.

The Orayhe reservoirs are a mile or two distant, but we shall pass one to-morrow and be

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able to water the animals and fill the kegs as we go by. A large number of the citizens came to see us. I subsequently learned that one of them was the chief, but he did not accept any one nor seem desirous of making acquaintances. It was apparent that he was out of humor, and the chief that had guided us informed me that the other, who seems to be the senior of all, had objected to any of the tribe accompanying the expedition north, on the ground that there was no water, that the country was bad, that we would have to travel several days before we would come to a river, and that if we did reach it the mules could not get to the bank. Arguments and promises were vain. The Oraybe continued to express disapproval, and his influence seemed to be all-powerful. His ill temper increased as the discussion proceeded, and at last he left in a sulk and went home. I then had a talk with the other. He was friendly in his manner, but said that he could not go while his superior objected, and intimated, if I understood him aright, that the Oraybe captain had some reason for not being well disposed towards Americans. He said that there was a water hole a long day's journey off where we could get a small supply; that to this point he would guide us, and that there was a trail beyond which could be followed as well without guidance as with it. He persisted that there would be a march of three or four days without water before reaching the river. As nearly as I have been able to judge, they consider a day's march thirty miles. If his statement is true, the question of crossing this desert in the present condition of the mules may be considered as settled.

The Oraybe Indians are more quiet than their brethren of Mooshahneh. They collect in a circle to witness anything that may be going on, but are almost silent, and when they speak or laugh do so in a suppressed tone, like children under restraint. There is much uniformity of dress. All are wrapped in Navajo blankets, with broad white and dark stripes, and a crowd at a distance looks like the face of a stratified rock.

The external and internal arrangements of the houses are like those of the other town, but there is generally less neatness and thrift in the appearance both of the place and its inhabitants.

*Camp 95, Oraybe gardens, May 13.*—Neither of the chiefs appeared in camp this morning, nor many of their tribe. They are late risers, and we were off soon after sunrise. Not expecting to be furnished with a guide, it had been determined what course to take, and we skirted the eastern base of the bluff in order to follow a deep depression that has been noticed extending towards the northwest. We had proceeded a mile, when an Indian came running after us. He said that he had been despatched by the Oraybe chief to conduct us to the next water, and we began to think the old fellow less churlish than he had appeared, and gladly availed ourselves of his civility and of the new-comer's knowledge.

Selecting a course amongst numerous intersecting trails, that would have puzzled a stranger considerably, he led the way to the east of the bluff on which Oraybe stands. Eight or nine miles brought the train to an angle formed by two faces of the precipice. At the foot was a reservoir, and a broad road winding up the steep ascent. On either side the bluffs were cut into terraces, and laid out into gardens similar to those seen at Mooshahneh, and, like them, irrigated from an upper reservoir. The whole reflected great credit upon Moquis ingenuity and skill in the department of engineering. The walls of the terraces and reservoirs were of partially dressed stone, well and strongly built, and the irrigating pipes conveniently arranged. The little gardens were neatly laid out. Two or three men and as many women were working in them as we passed.

The steep hill completely broke down the animals, and we had to camp upon the brink of the mesa above. I rewarded the Indian handsomely, and tried to persuade him to continue with us to-morrow. He has consented, but looks as though he meant to break his word. Our Mojaves would have persisted obstinately in refusing, or, having once agreed to go, would have adhered to their bargain.

While on the road to-day the guide pointed out a place where the Navajoes had recently

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made a descent upon the Moquis flocks. He had himself been herding at the time, and showed me two scars upon his sides from wounds received in the engagement. The herders had been utterly routed, and retreated to their pueblo, while the conquerors made off with all their stock.

The country to the north and northwest is rolling for some miles, and then there are elevated plateaus rising in successive steps. The most remote appears to be sixty miles off, and higher than any table-land that has been passed. Distant peaks can be seen a little east of north. The Indians have said that the trail runs northwest, and that it is the only practicable route by which upper portions of the river can be attained. Such a course would bring us, at the end of ninety miles, opposite to the point where we struck the Cascade river, and only about fifty miles distant from it, though we would have travelled, in heading the cañon and side cañons of Flax river, nearly three hundred miles.

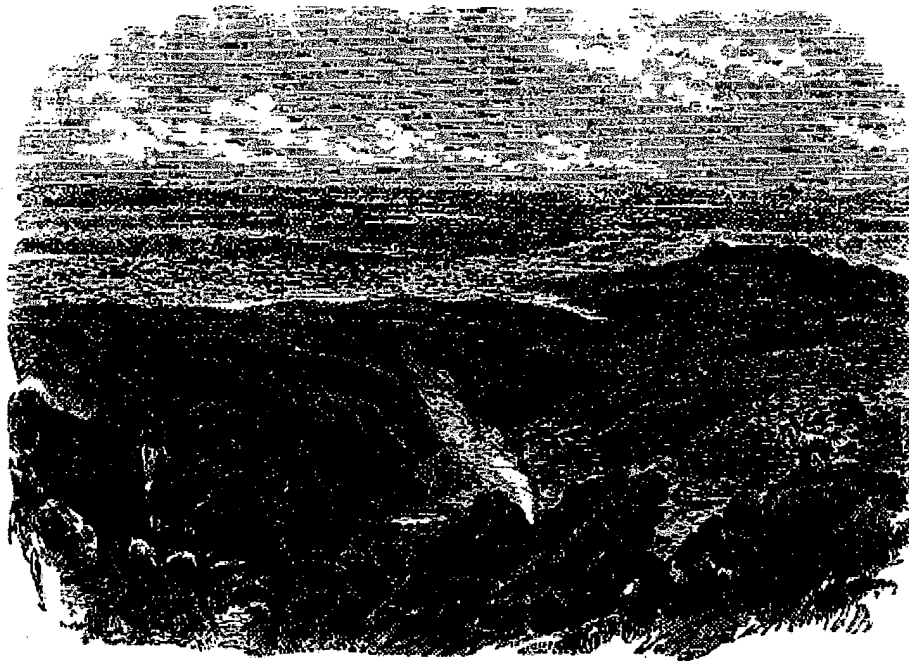


Fig. 39.—View north from Oraybe Gardens.

*Camp 97, Oraybe gardens, May 15.*—No Indians came again to camp. The guide, before leaving, had told a Mexican that the distance to the river was more than a hundred miles, and that the only watering place was about twenty-five miles from Oraybe. Preferring to see for ourselves the condition of the country, we pursued the same general course as before, towards the northwest. The top of the mesa on which we had been encamped proved to be very narrow, and before we had travelled a mile we came to its northern edge, where there were the usual precipices and foot-hills forming the descent to a broad valley. Here, also, the bluffs had been formed into terraced gardens and reservoirs. The descent was steep and difficult. The valley furnished better grass than any seen since leaving Flax river, but the soil was soft and the travelling laborious. We crossed the low land and ascended the opposite mesa. The trail was found, and its course followed for ten or eleven miles, when most of the mules again

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gave out, and became unable to proceed. It was cloudy and cool. They had had rest, tolerable grazing, and water during the previous day and night, but it was evident that their strength was gone.

There were no indications of water ahead. The country could be seen for a great distance, and, as far as the eye could reach, exhibited only line after line of arid mesas. In a ravine, not far from camp, appeared to be the watering place spoken of by the Moquis. Water had recently existed there, but there was none to be found now.

To fully test the practicability of proceeding further, and at the same time to avoid what might be an unnecessary march of the whole train northwards, two experienced water hunters, mounted on the least broken down mules, rode ahead to explore. If they found water they were to send up a smoke as a signal for the train to advance. They travelled about twenty miles, finding a deserted Indian encampment, where water had been at some seasons, but which was then perfectly dry. From the point where they halted, on the summit of a lofty plateau, the country could be overlooked for fifty or sixty miles, and there was every indication that it was a waterless desert.

There was no alternative but to return; and the next morning we retraced our way and encamped near the northern Oraybe gardens, at the edge of the large valley. We have remained here for a day to let the mules rest and graze before undertaking the trip to Fort Defiance. As it is, we half anticipate reaching that place on foot.

The Oraybe chief, gratified at the fulfilment of his prediction in regard to the impracticability of the trip northward, has been to visit us, and comported himself with much amiability. He told me that he would send a guide to show us the best route to Fort Defiance, and I accordingly regaled him with the best the camp afforded. He ate till he could eat no more, and then stowed away what was left in the folds of his blanket.

Several of the tribes have been working in the gardens and tending the sheep during the day. In the former labor the women as well as the men assist. The walls of the terraces and the gardens themselves are kept in good order and preservation. The stone and earth for construction and repairs they carry in blankets upon their shoulders from the valley below. The soil is of a poor character, and the amount which they extract from it speaks well for their perseverance and industry. Both turkeys and chickens have been seen in the pueblos. They have the material for excellent subsistence if they choose to avail themselves of it.

In the neighborhood are beds of coal, which Dr. Newberry thinks of a character to burn well, but they appear to have no idea of the value of these deposits, although wood for culinary and other purposes has to be transported from a distance of several miles. We have tried, but with doubtful success, to make them comprehend the worth of the fuel close at hand.

*Camp 98, near Tegna, May 17.*—Climbing the bluff south of camp and descending the opposite side of the mesa, we were joined by the promised Moquis guide, who came up, according to what appears an invariable custom, at the last moment and in a great hurry.

When the place was reached where the trail turned west to go to Oraybe, I asked the guide if he could not take a short cut to Tegna, (the most eastern pueblo,) which the Moquis guide had said was on the trail to Fort Defiance. He said that he could, and struck off toward the east. In ascending a mesa, five or six miles beyond, an almost impassable precipice was encountered, but the mules, after sundry falls, succeeded in reaching the summit. Beyond was a valley nine or ten miles wide, and upon the opposite side a plateau with three Moquis towns standing in a line upon the top. We camped three miles from them; sending the mules to their reservoir for water. The valley was well covered with grass. Large flocks of sheep attested the wealth of the citizens of this department of Moquis. Almost the entire population came to see us, evincing the greatest curiosity at everything they witnessed. In dress and general appearance they have a smarter look than the citizens of the other towns, and seem to be more well-to-do in the world. All the Moquis have small hands and feet, but ordinary figures. Their



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hair is fine and glossy. Many have an Italian physiognomy. The men wear loose cotton trousers, and frequently a kind of blouse for an upper garment, over which they throw a blanket. The dress of the women is invariably a loose black woollen gown, with a gold-colored stripe around the waist and the bottom of the skirt. The stripe is of cotton, which they grow in small quantities. The material of the dress is of their own weaving.

They seem to be a harmless, well-meaning people, industrious at times, though always ready for a lounge and gossip. They are honest, so far that they do not steal, but their promises are not to be relied upon. They want force of character and the courageous qualities which the Zuni and some other Pueblo Indians have the credit of possessing. Their chiefs exercise a good deal of authority, but by what tenure they hold their power, or how many there are, we could not learn.

A singular statement made by the Moquis is, that they do not all speak the same language. At Oraybe some of the Indians actually professed to be unable to understand what was said by the Mooshahneh chief, and the latter told me that the language of the two towns was different. At Tegua they say that a third distinct tongue is spoken. These Indians are identical in race, manners, habits, and mode of living. They reside within a circuit of ten miles, and, save for the occasional visit of a member of some other tribe, have been for centuries isolated from the rest of the world, and it would seem almost incredible that the inhabitants of the different pueblos should not preserve a system of intercourse. If what they say is true, it would appear that this is not done. Tegua and the two adjacent towns are separated by a few miles from Mooshahneh and another pair. Oraybe is at a little greater distance from both. Each place, depending upon its internal strength, is independent as regards defence. The people are indolent and apathetic, and have abandoned the habit of visiting each other till the languages, which, with all Indian tribes, are subject to great mutations, have gradually become dissimilar.

*Camp 29, Peach Orchard spring, May 18.*—Passing by the reservoir to water the mules and fill the kegs, we were joined by the Teguan chief and several of his friends. The guide having disappeared during the night, I asked for him, and was told by the chief that it would be unsafe for one or two of them to take the trip alone, but that he himself and nine others were going to the fort as soon as they could have some corn ground, and make other preparations, and that they would join us at the first watering place, which we would reach about noon. There was little doubt in the minds of any who heard this statement that it was a wholesale fiction, but he pointed out the direction of the best route to Fort Defiance, and, bidding the Moquis good-bye, we followed the course that had been designated. The chief accompanied us a short distance, and at parting renewed the assurance that ten of his people would overtake us before night. Crossing the valley in a nearly easterly direction, at the foot of the bluff upon the opposite side we reached a large and excellent spring about the time our friend had indicated.

The ravine is the prettiest spot seen for many a day, covered with rich turf, shaded by peach trees and surrounded by large gooseberry bushes. The water is clear and cold; the trail from Tegua has been plain and deeply cut, showing constant travel. After reaching camp two Navajoes rode in upon horses that we had seen yesterday hobbled near the Moquis pueblo. I supposed at first that they had stolen them, but a soldier told me that he had seen one of the men at Mooshahneh, and that the Moquis had told him that there were two or three Navajoes there on a visit.

That the latter should have the face to go to Moquis so soon after the recent foray speaks well for their boldness, but does not indicate much spirit on the part of the others. The two that came to see us were merry, impudent looking knaves; they ate, and smoked, and laughed, and finally asked for a glass of liquor as independently as though they were at a tavern. It was impossible to put them down; favors or rebuffs made the same or rather no impression; they received all with a grinning indifference that would have been good-natured, had it not been

